MR. SUN

VOL. 1
NO. 1
$3.00

ON LOCATION WITH LANCE & SIDNEY

BUSH INTERPETS THE MALE NUDE FIGURE. AN ARTIST LOOKS AT NUDISM.

BACK-YARD SUN BUFFS

IF IT'S NOT ALWAYS CONVENIENT TO GET TO THE PARK, NUDISTS HAVE DISCOVERED A WAY TO GET THAT TAN — THROUGH THE BACK DOOR!

PARADISE FOR NUDISTS

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HAS MANY RESORT AREAS TO BOAST OF, BUT NONE CAN COMPARE WITH THE SUN SWEPT HIGH DESERT SECTION OF HEMET, CALIFORNIA. A SHORT DISTANCE FROM BUSY FREEWAYS HEMET IS EASILY ACESSABLE FROM ANY POINT IN THE GREATER LOS ANGELES AREA. HERE YOU'LL FIND NUDISM AT IT'S HEALTHFUL BEST IN A SUN BURST OF WARM WINDS AND CLEAN SAND.

WALT WHITMAN POET, MAN, AND NUDIST

"If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred . . . Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full dazzling."

Written over a hundred years ago these immortal words from the master poet live on today in the spirit and ideology of nudism. Long before the nudist idea came to America in organized form Walt Whitman was living and writing the nudist theme.

MR. SUN — CONTENTS
Volume One Number One
THE MALE NUDIST KEEPS FIT ..... Page 5
WALT WHITMAN:
A MAN'S NUDIST ..... Page 11
PORTRAYOR OF THE MALE NUDE —
Harry Bush ..... Page 14
THE BIGGEST NUDIST PARK
IN THE WORLD ..... Page 21
BACK YARD NUDISTS ..... Page 37

Editor ..... Joe Keith
Associate Editor .... Byron Marlowe
Art Director ..... David Richards

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to this, the first issue of MR. SUN, and welcome to a new world of freedom, in both thought and action. MR. Sun intends to bring you, its public, the finest in articles concerning male nudism as well as pictorials that portray the human male figure with honesty and integrity. For too long now, the male of the species, especially in nudist circles, has taken a back seat to the female. Sure, they have the Mr. Universe contests and the King contests at the nudist parks . . . but they are not widely publicized as are the comparable contests involving women.

Don't get us wrong. We're not mysogenists at MR. SUN. We adore women. But there are plenty of magazines attesting to female glamor and charm without us throwing in with that group. The human male, however, with his greater potential for figure development, must be portrayed as he is, not shunted aside in shadows, standing next to a beautiful girl. For many years, most of the nudist magazines showed photographs of male nudists carrying firewood or playing guitars, hiding the genitalia safely from readers' eyes. This gave a very false picture of our male American nudists. Was he continually building fires and singing folksongs? Was he emasculated, some wierd form of magazine eunich? Hardly.

We believe the male human figure to have dignity and to be every bit as beautiful as woman's form. Every great artist since time began agrees with us; every cave artist, every sculptor, every painter, perhaps with such notable exceptions as Varga and Petty, and others of their narrow viewpoints. MR. SUN ascribes to the nudist tenets of sun, light and air. Health is our goal, both in mind and in body. This cannot be attained by wielding an airbrush when a photograph shows a man exceptionally endowed by nature.

We are proud of our male nudists, and feel that in many cases they have been discriminated against, both by magazine publishers and by park owners. A single man has been a pariah, and it has only been in recent years that some broad-minded park managers have let down the barriers and admitted single men into their environs. MR. SUN feels it's about time. Single women have always been admitted to parks and been allowed to practice social nudism without stigma. Some notable nudist marriages have resulted from the healthy practice of allowing male and female singles to enjoy the benefits of nudism.

Discrimination against single male nudists has slowed down the progress of organized social nudism in this country. There are no such taboos in Europe. Young, old, tall, short, thin, **male** or **female** . . . whoever wants naturism may have it on the Continent. It should be that way in this country. As it is, nudism is almost strictly a family affair, and many young men miss out on the healthy aspects of nudist life.

Psychologists have long recognized that the male **homo sapiens** usually has fewer inhibitions about his body, less cause to feel the ill effects of shame. It has been the male who has militantly pressed for changes in the law, who has organized nudism and caused it to spread. He is proud of his women and rightly so, but he has seemed content to let her take the limelight.

It is high time that balance is restored to nudism. MR. SUN takes pride in presenting for the first time in history, a magazine devoted to the male nudist. We welcome readers' comments and opinion, pro and con. Nudism belongs to everyone. We think you'll find that MR. SUN will add greatly to public acceptance of this basic freedom.

MR. SUN

THE MALE NUDIST KEEPS FIT

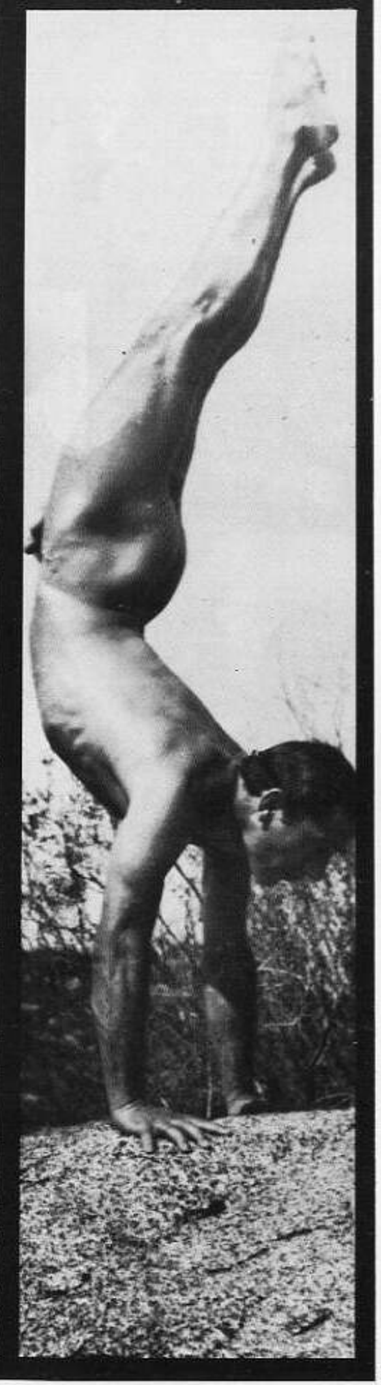
RAW! NATURAL! AT LAST, A MOVIE ABOUT BODY BUILDING THAT BARES THE MASCULINE PHYSIQUE AS NEVER BEFORE!

Now, for the first time, ever, on film, here is the male figure in all its splendor. THE MALE NUDIST KEEPS FIT, in black and white, stars Lance and Sidney, two young lads who exemplify the joys of nude training. Filmed in the vast wonderland of Hemet's natural surroundings, the Wyngate and Bevins production of THE MALE NUDIST KEEPS FIT is breathtaking in its scope, thrilling in its presentation of masculine feats of physical calisthenics.

Under a blazing sun in nature's great outdoors, Lance and Sidney exemplify the pleasures of keeping fit as nature intended. THE MALE NUDIST follows the two men as they work out without restraint or restrictions of clothing. Glistening with sweat, their muscles ripple underneath skin turning bronze in the sun.

Lance and Sidney, the protagonists of this artful film, prove the efficacy of nudism and body development through the keen eye of the camera's lens. Nothing is omitted, not a movement left unexplored. Lance, who has let himself get a little soft through bodily neglect, strives to put his

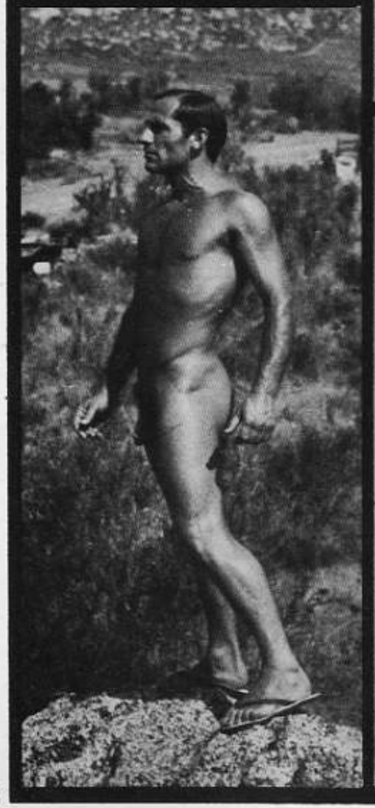
A DYNAMIC MOTION PICTURE BLAZES WITH THE POWER OF LANCE AND SIDNEY WHO BUILD THEIR BODIES IN THE HEALTHY SUNSHINE OF HEMET'S WONDERLAND!

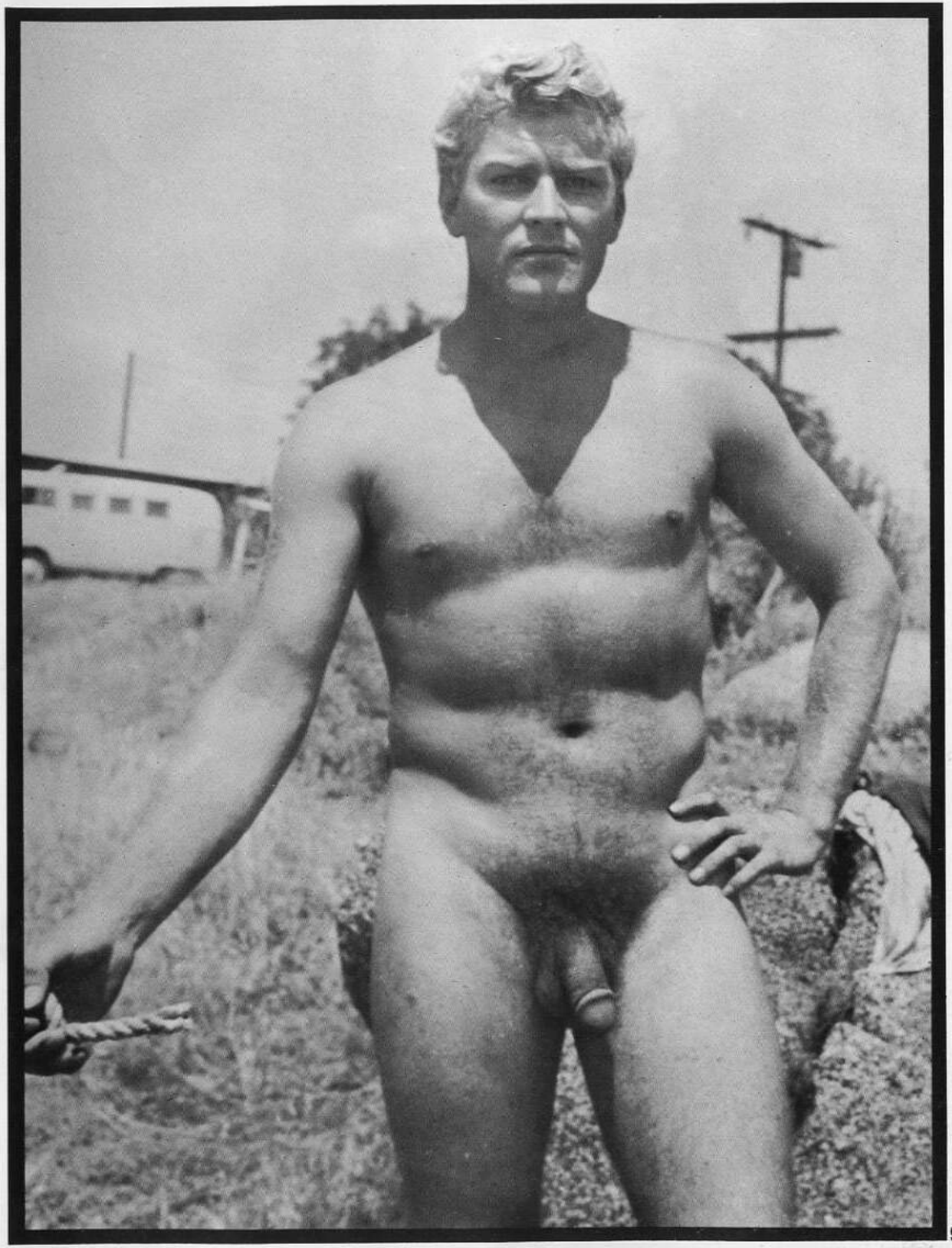


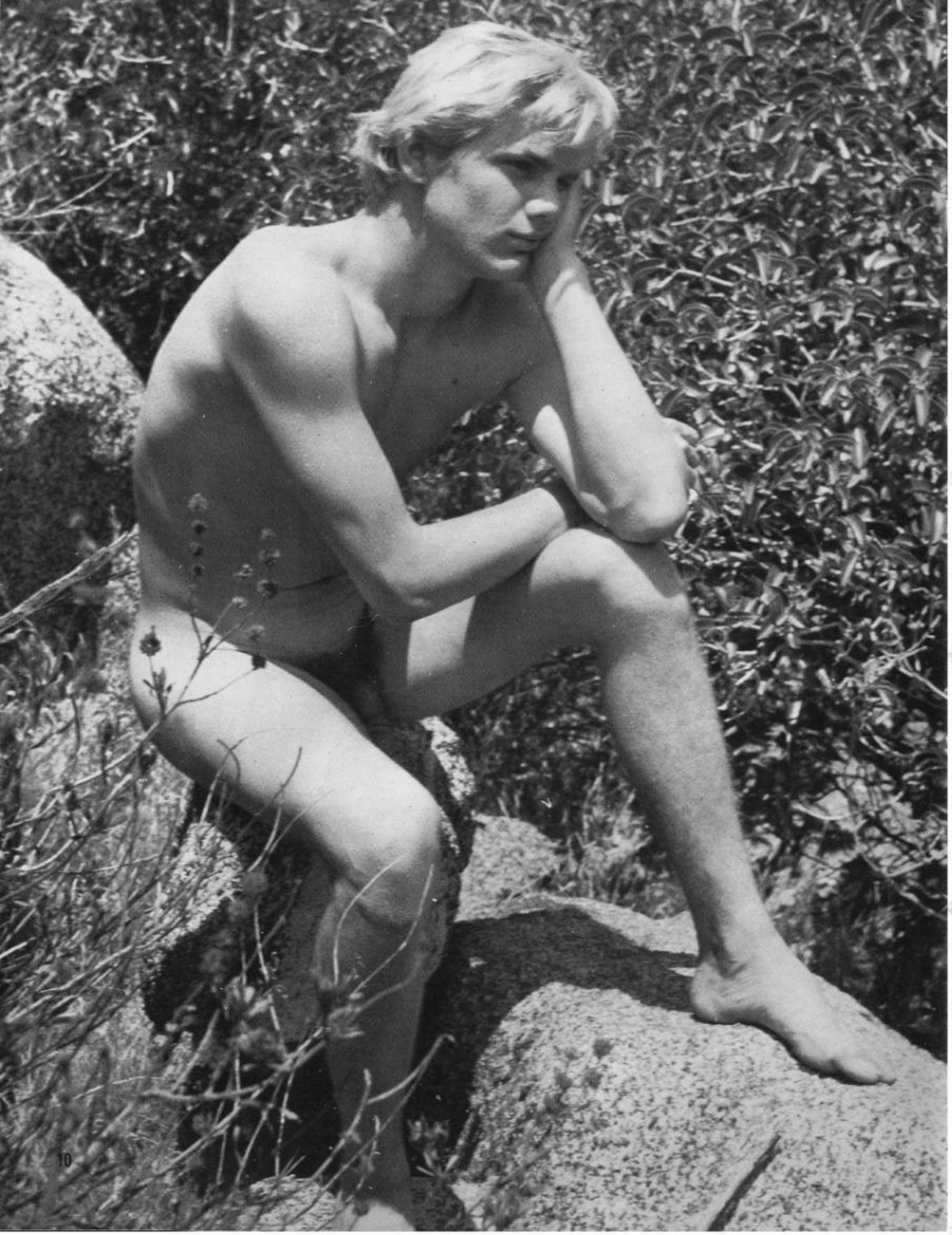
body in the same magnificent condition as Sidney's. While Sidney pulls on a length of rope, Lance strains to wrest the rope from Sidney's grasp. The action makes a vivid display of dynamic tension at work, as muscle pitted against muscle stands out on each man's body.

Sidney shows Lance how to use the rope to develop the pectoral muscles and broaden the shoulders. In fact, all the classic principles of body development that have been passed down through the ages are depicted in this motion picture. Seldom have two finer physical specimens as Lance and Sidney demonstrated muscular coordination so well. Against the awesome backdrop of Hemet's raw, rugged surroundings the two men transform simple calisthenics into beauty, art and pure power.

After their strenuous workout, the two men hit the open air showers and scrub off grime and sweat, their bodies in perfect tune, their breathing deep and healthy, their muscles like steel cables under natural lens. THE MALE NUDIST achieves its art, and Lance and Sidney contribute to that art in splendid fashion.







WALT WHITMAN: A MAN'S NUDIST

By J. J. Malcolm

The white-bearded patriarch of American poetry, Walt Whitman, was a man's man, and a nudist as well. When he uttered his barbaric yawp, he spoke for mankind and his thoughts and words were pure, guileless and timeless. The textbooks don't give you the sun-bathing aspects of this restless soul who explored America and dicovered freedom and artistic conviction. Yet it is from Whitman's own writings that we know of his total endorsement of the nudist way of life, its healthy endowments and its benefits for the human spirit.

The good gray poet, as Walt was called, is best known for his many editioned *Leaves of Grass*, first issued in 1855. Prior to that, in the 1840's, he had published a stuffy novel, a thinly-disguised temperance tract, which while awful, made money for the then foppish poet. At that age, Walt wore the outlandish styles of his day and might well have turned into a stuffed shirt of the worst kind. He worked as a newspaper editor and while he was doing a mediocre job at this, he might have attained a certain respectability, and some means.

But Walt wisely left his newspaper job when he was 28 years old. His success might have proven disastrous were it not for the greater talent seething within him. But he made a complete break. He threw away the dandyish clothes and started out on his American travels dressed as the common man. It was at this time that he began writing the long poems that were to comprise *Leaves of Grass*.

In the widely quoted poem, *Song Of Myself*, Walt set the keynote for his great theme: *"Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul."*

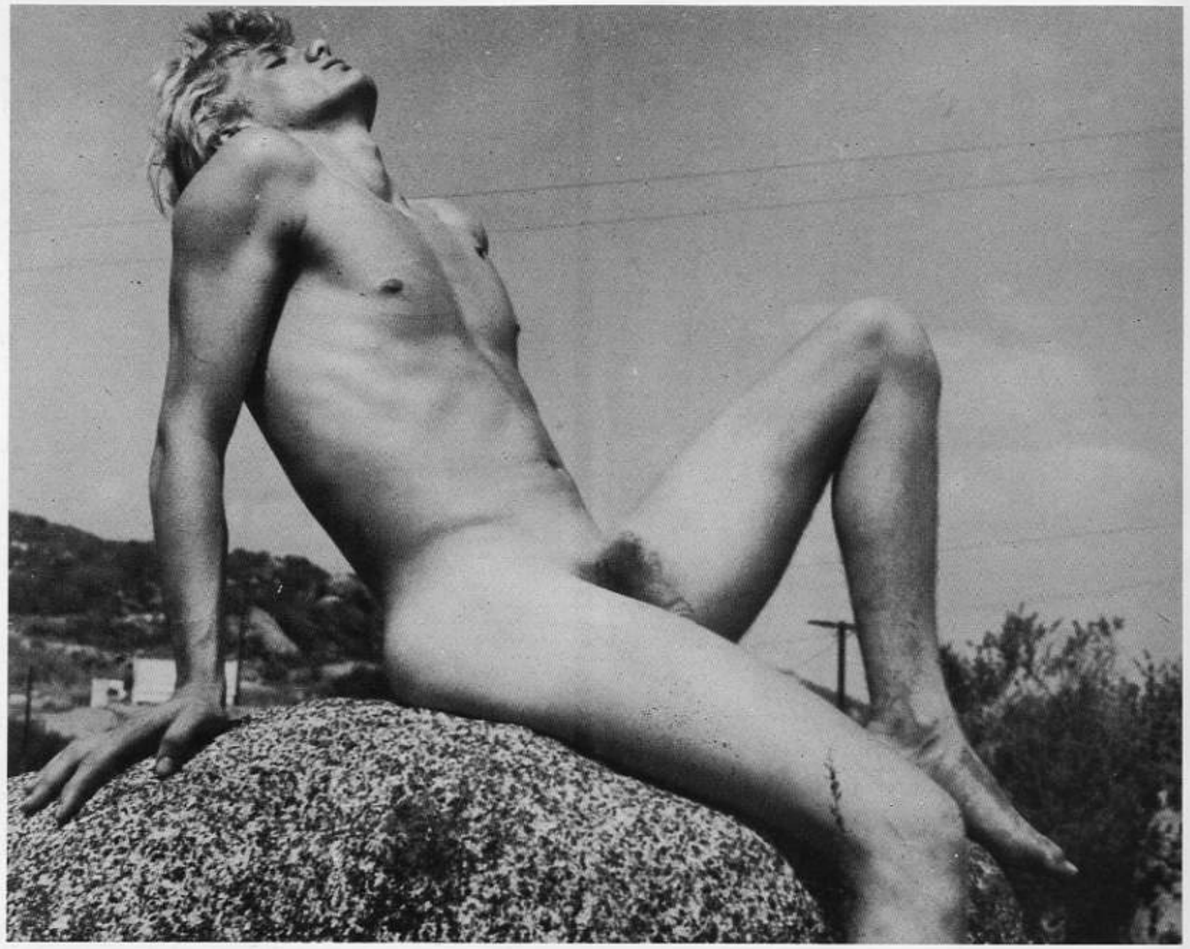
Nudism itself, could not have put it more succinctly. Here are all the tenets of nudism in our day and age. The human body and all that comprise its physical and spiritual aspects are wholesome and deserving of respect and praise. In the same poem, Walt expands on this theme:

"Welcome is every organ and attribute of me.
and of any man hearty and clean,
Not an inch nor a particle of an
inch is vile, and none shall be
Less familiar than the rest."

When *Leaves of Grass* burst upon the public, the censor, the bluenoses and the prudes turned out in full cry against this blasphemy. Many people didn't understand what Walt Whitman meant and thought his sensuous lines were signs of debauchery and promiscuity. The poet was pretty clear as to his intent, and one has only to look at the next lines quoted to get his exalted message:

"Behold, the body includes and
is the meaning, the main concern
and includes and is the soul;
Whoever you are, how superb
and how divine is your body,
or any part of it!"

If Walt Whitman had a religion, it was the celebration of man and he endowed mankind with his own definition of divinity. It was a sad world that took his words wrongly and referred to his work as "entirely bestial" in the press. He was accused of "indecent exposure," and the Philadelphia Society for the Suppression of Vice declared *Leaves of Grass* to be obscene. The tyrannical blue-nose, Anthony Comstock succeeded in having the book banned from the mails, and even Emerson, the New England poet and philosopher turned self-conscious and insisted that Whitman delete certain lines referring to the sexual functions of man.



Walt refused to tamper with his beliefs and even expanded on his themes of purity of the human body, dignity of spirit. He continued, as one writer put it, to "expose the unexposable and mention the unmentionable." Whitman thought of his book as like the human body, every verse of it, like every organ of man, essential to the life and breath of his work.

Uncowed by these and other charges, Walt continued to write poetry in praise of life and nature, celebrating man as the highest creation of God. Was Walt Whitman a nudist then, in a time when there was no original social nudism, no parks, no place for a free spirit such as his to behave naturally? We have it from his own words that he was.

Some of his prose was not widely known at the time he lived, and indeed remains obscure to this day. One such work was *Specimen Days*, and in it is an essay entitled, *A Sun Bath-Nakedness*. He describes his return to health after serious illness: "Every day, seclusion—every day, at least two or three hours of freedom, bathing, no talk, no bonds, no dress, no books, *no manners*."

Airbaths, or flesh-brushing was a popular exercise of Whitman's day, recommended by doctors to stimulate circulation of the blood and tone the muscles. Such practices go back to Greek and Roman times and are akin to the modern Finnish practice of beating the body with bundles of twigs after sweating it out in a Sauna. The Greeks and Romans scraped their bodies with stones after bathing.

Whitman, writing of his own nakedness, sounds much like a modern nudist in the same essay quoted above:

"An hour or so after breakfast I wended my way down to the recesses of the aforesaid dell, which I and certain thrushes, catbirds &c, had all to ourselves. A light southwest wind was blowing through the tree-tops. It was just the place and time for my Adamic air-bath and flesh-brushing from head to foot. So hanging clothes on a rail near by, keeping old broadbrim straw hat on head and easy shoes on feet, haven't I had a good time the last two hours!"

Walt must have made an impressive sight as he waded naked in the brook, straw hat on his head! He is not sparing in his account of what modern nudists know to be one of the most delightful experiences—nudity in a natural setting:

"First with the stiff-elastic bristles rasping arms, breast, sides till they turn'd scarlet—then partially bathing in the clear water of the running brook—taking everything very leisurely, with many rests and pauses—stepping about bare-footed

every few minutes and then in some neighboring black ooze for unctuous mud-bath to my feet—a brief second and third rinsing in the crystal-running waters—rubbing with the fragrant towel—slow negligent promenades on the turf up and down in the sun, varied with occasional rests and further frictions of the bristlebrush—sometimes carrying my portable chair with me from place to place as my range is quite extensive here, nearly a hundred rods, feeling quite secure from intrusion. (And that indeed I am not at all nervous about, if it accidentally happens.)"

So, Walt didn't care who came by, he was doing a perfectly natural thing. He had found something that nudists today enjoy—no shame or inhibitions about the body. He continued with his essay:

"As I walked slowly over the grass, the sun shone out enough to show the shadow moving with me. Somehow I seemed to get the identity with each and every thing around me, in its conditions. Nature was naked, and I was also. It was too lazy, soothing and joyous-equable to speculate about. Yet I might have thought somehow in this vein: Perhaps the inner never-lost rapport we hold with earth, light, air, trees, &c is not to be realized through eyes and mind only, but through the whole corporeal body, which I will not have blinded or bandaged any more than the eyes. Sweet, sane, still Nakedness in Nature—ah if poor,sick, prurient humanity in cities might really know you once more!

"Is not nakedness then indecent? No, not inherently. It is your thought, your sophistication, your fear, your respectability, that is indecent. There come moods when these clothes of ours are not only too irksome to wear, but are themselves indecent. Perhaps indeed he or she to whom the free exhilarating ecstasy of nakedness in Nature has never been eligible (and how many thousands there are!) has not really known what purity is—nor what faith or art or health really is. (Probably the whole curriculus of first-class philosophy, beauty, heroism, form, illustrated by the old Hellenic race—the highest height and deepest depth known to civilization in these departments—came from their natural and religious idea of Nakedness)."

Walt Whitman was ahead of his time. What he had to say, still has to be said. He would rejoice, I'm sure, at the strides that nudism has taken during the past thirty years. But he would still wish for the sick and prurient to experience the nudist idea before maligning it. He was a poet, old Walt, and he was a man among men. He was also, and remains through his writings, a nudist's nudist!

PORTRAYER OF THE MALE NUDE BY HARRY BUSH

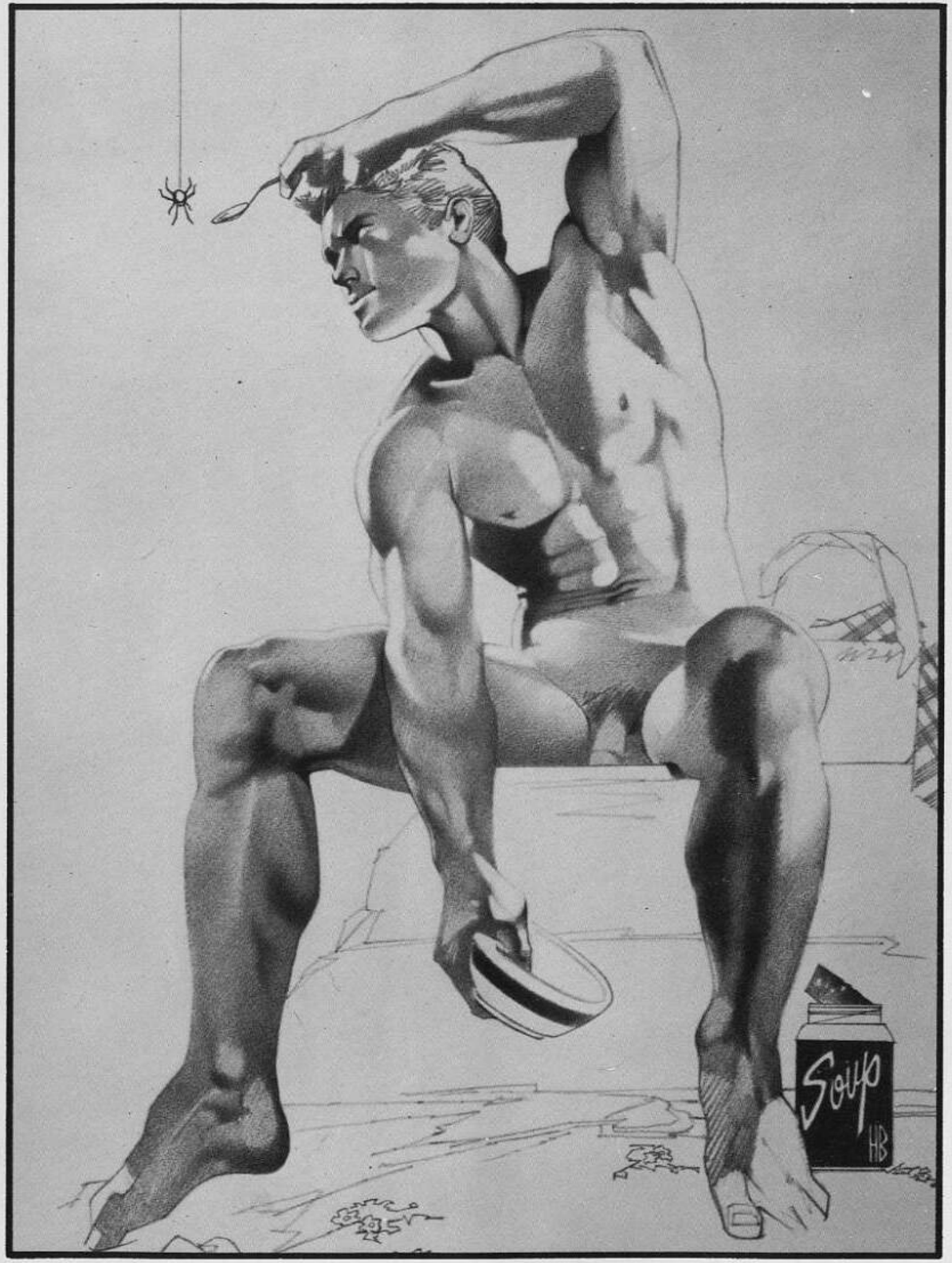
Harry Bush was reluctant to take this assignment, as he was not certain the general public was willing to accept the male nude without shock. In pursuing the field, he was encouraged to read that artists such as Rodin and Michelangelo found little challenge in the female form, but considered the intricacies of the male physique more demanding of craftsmanship. Sensing the femme art market tightly crowded, he would like to bring the young male into the kind of focus Petty and Varga achieved for the girls of another generation.

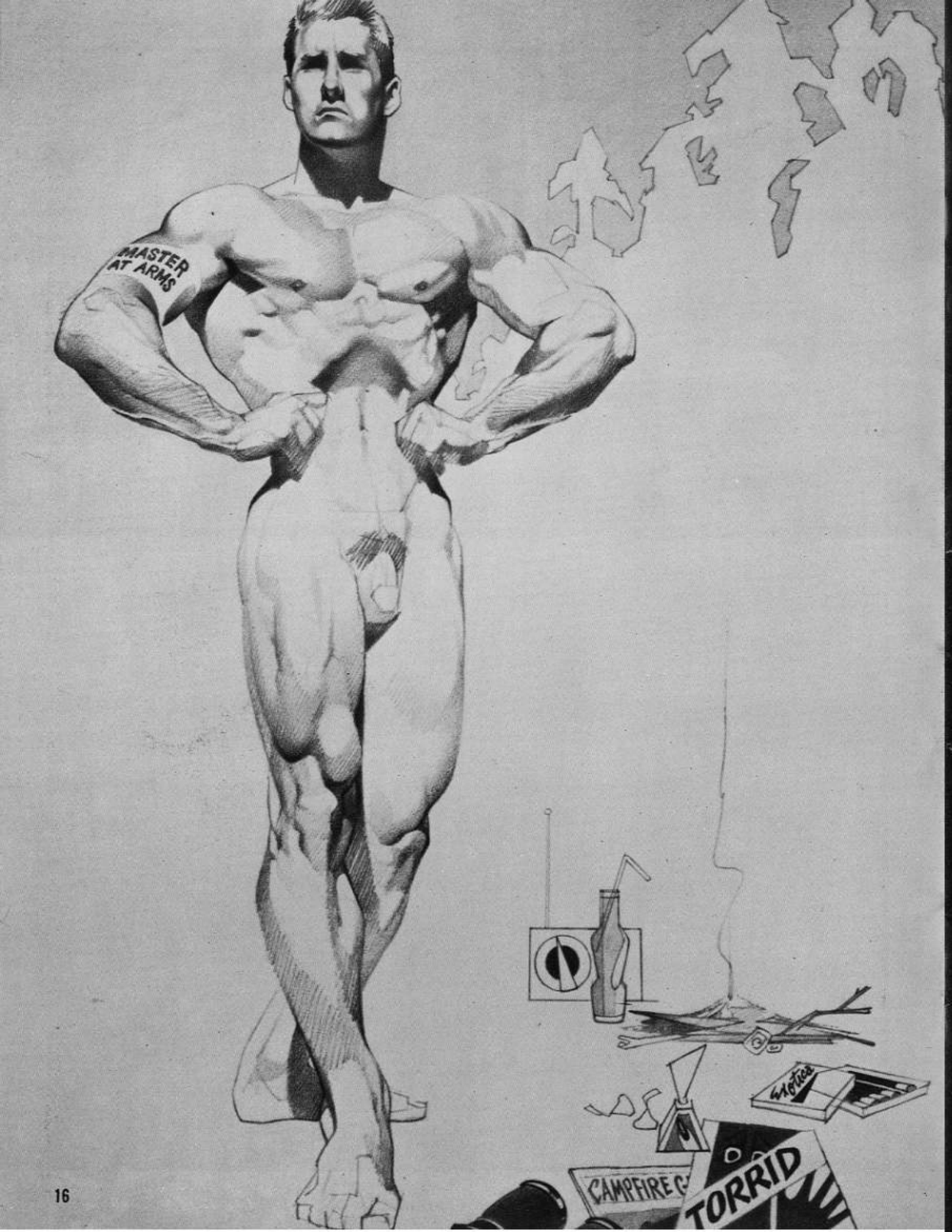
Harry is a native of Southern California and lives, of course, at the beach. Primarily because no one needs to get dressed, and if he happens to look pretty wild, so does everyone else. He admires the well-groomed penguins that work along Wilshire Boulevard, but would not like the obligation to don that costume every day. He has no telephone and is seldom seen. To get hold of him, it is necessary to send a wire or letter. He doesn't mean to appear antisocial; however, in his own words, he works "at a snail's pace" and could get nothing done mingling in the social world.

That standard equipment of the artist, temperment, crops up when putting his art on a commercial basis. He springs his drawings "suddenly," on a like it or hate it, I don't care, basis. Requests for rough drafts are to him tantamount to a look over the shoulder at an unfinished drawing, which in itself warrants the viewer's head to be torn off. Harry maintains an intangible something dies when the drawing underway has been seen, sensed or apprehended in any way by someone else, and his enthusiasm wanes.

Conception to completion is a very private process. Thereafter, recommendations for change or addition are received with a smile of passive resistance. As a result, Harry feels he won't get too far commercially, since the first thing asked for is a rough "idea" sketch, the very essence he does not want to reveal. Just as G. B. Shaw reflected that, for travel, photography and annihilated surprise, so Harry Bush feels toward the rough draft in commercial art.

He hopes that he will not outrage his audience, and if the drawing does not artistically enthrall them, that it will at least, amuse them.

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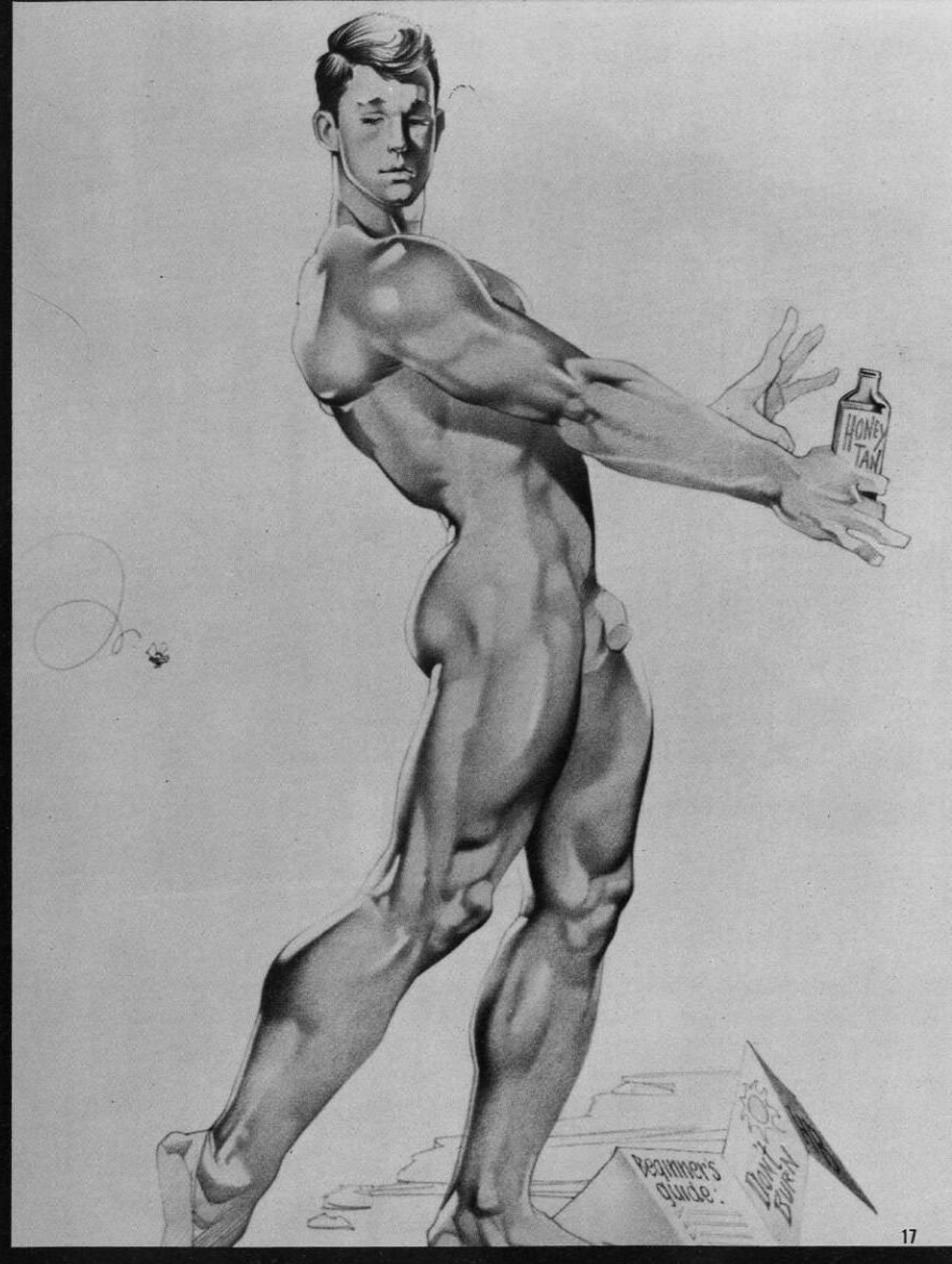
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SEE how Lance, who has let himself get a little soft, strives to put his body in the same magnificent condition as that of Sidney.

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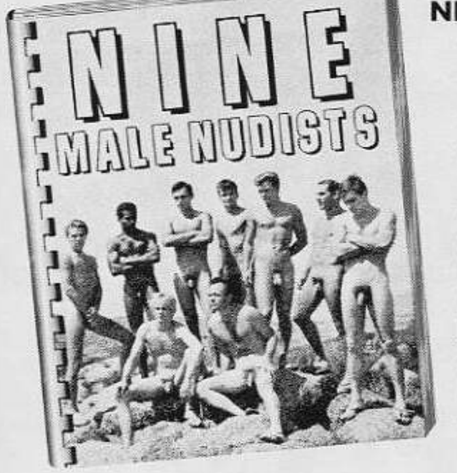

56 PICTURES
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The Nine Male Nudists is published with the intention of showing the joys of nudism . . . the feeling of freedom that comes only with being in the great outdoors with no confining or constricting clothing. Once you have experienced this glorious sensation the chances are you, too, will become a confirmed nudist.

This book is divided into two parts . . . the first part being posed photographs depicting the natural grace, beauty, and dignity of the male nudist.

The second part consists of candid shots showing the nine male nudists relaxing, playing, exercising, and just generally radiating the good health and spirit that comes only with this particular form of freedom.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE MALE NUDIST . . . NEOPHYTE AS WELL AS VETERAN.

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playing ball . . .
swimming . . .
relaxing . . . etc.

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We feel Fifteen Male Nudists at Home is the book best qualified to convey the spirit of nudism.

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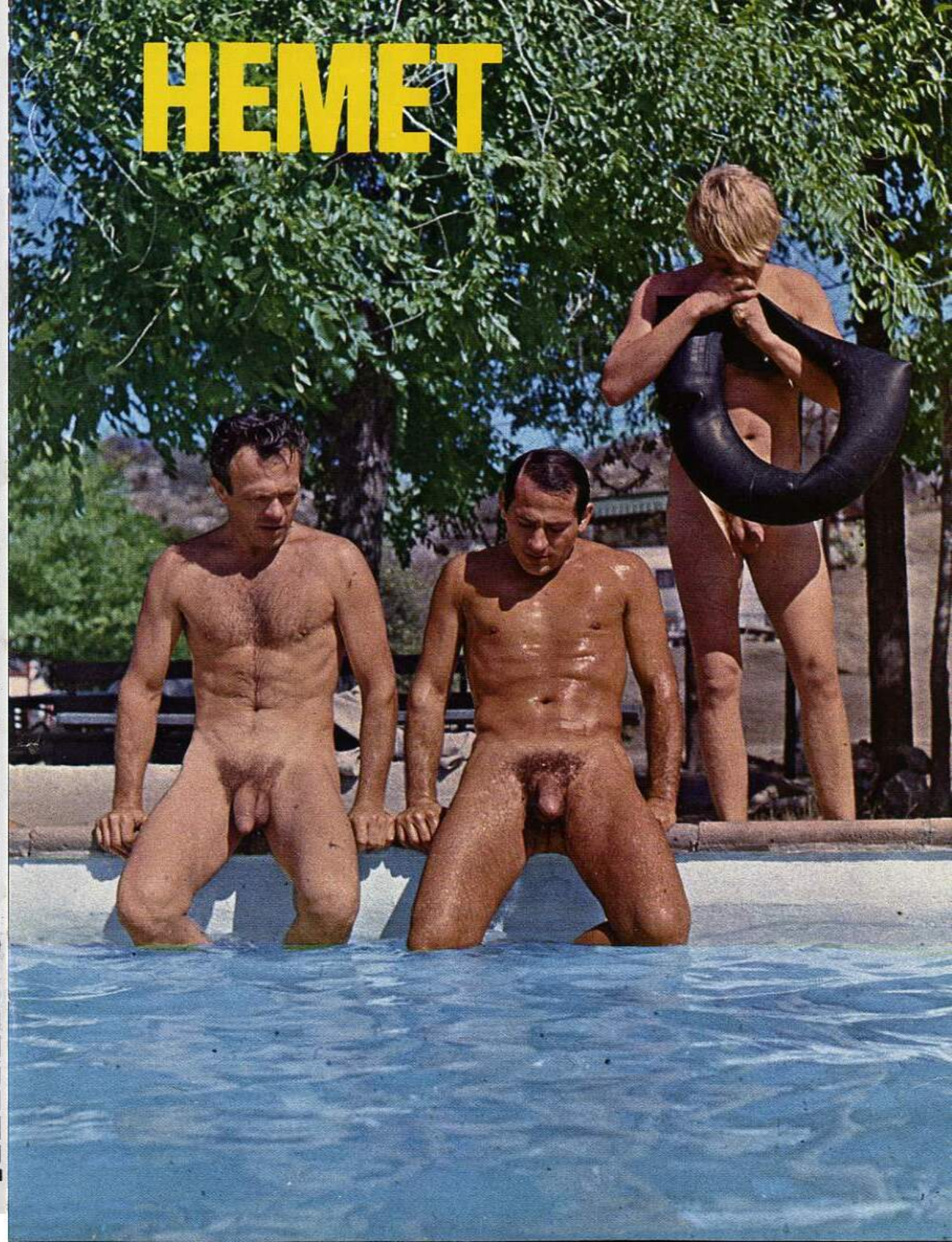


THE BIGGEST NUDIST PARK IN THE WORLD!

BEYOND THE ASPHALT JUNGLES, THERE IS A VAST PARADISE WAITING FOR THE MAN WITH ADVENTURE IN HIS SOUL AND A HEARTY DESIRE TO TAKE NATURE IN THE RAW!

Paradise, they say, is where you find it. And there are few Gardens of Eden left in this world. The Hemet area in southern California comes pretty close to being one of the last Utopian areas in the United States. It is a stronghold of vibrant, splendid Nature, blooming the highlands above the deserts east of the sprawling, crowded, freeway-laced Los Angeles.

It's a man's country; rugged, teeming with wildlife, much of it accessible only to those who do not mind coming to grips with altitude, wilderness, and miles of uninhabited landscape bursting with green.

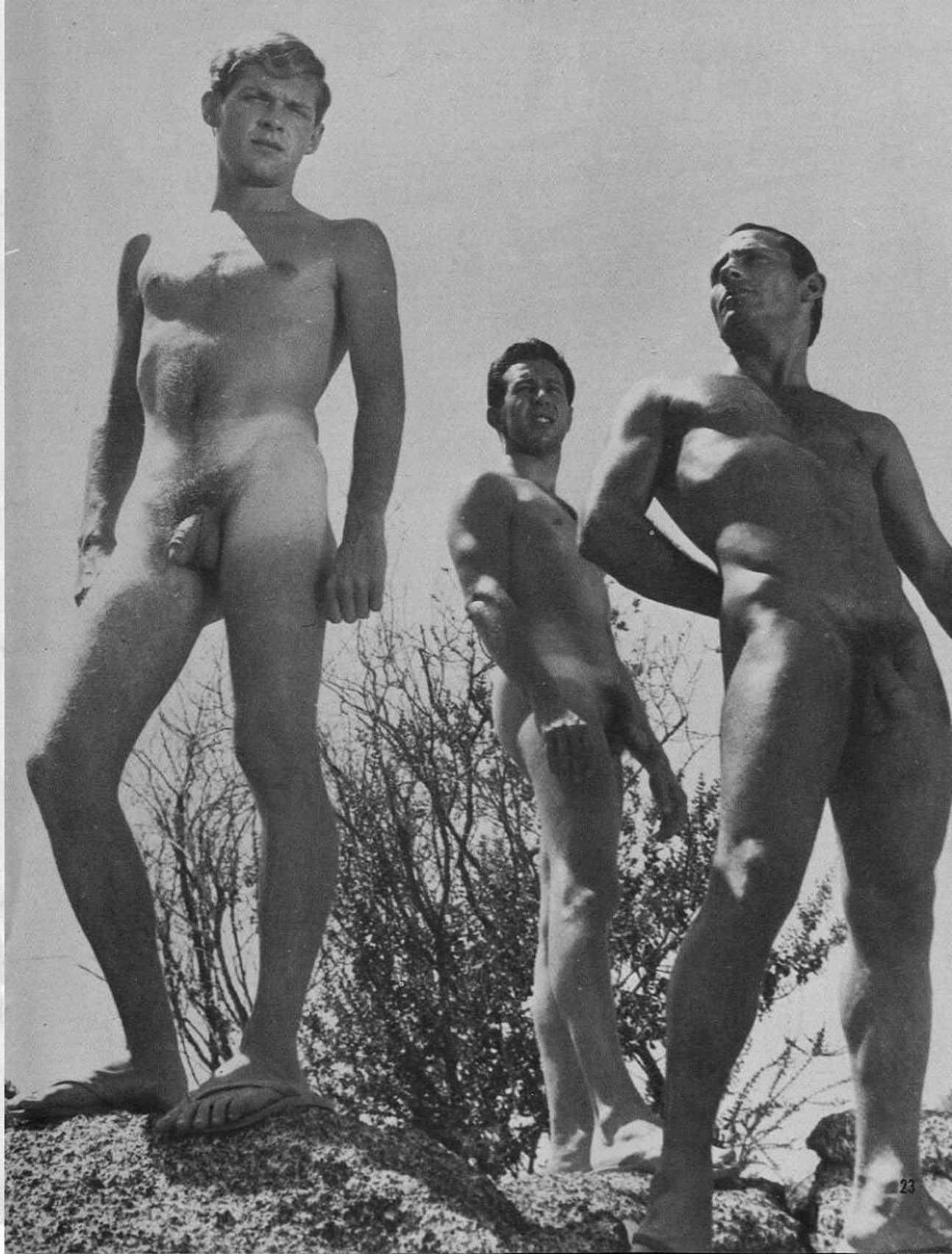
Some people call it the "Top of the World," and relatively speaking, they are right. There was a nudist park built on one of Hemet's high plateaus that was called just that. But the entire area is one vast nudist park for the person with daring and imagination. A garden of sunny weather and seclusion, the Hemet region is made for a man to stroll through it, Adam-like, naked as his ancestors.

There are huge boulders jumbled throughout the vast forests, and from a distance, they look like abstract sculptures of the heads of Paleolithic man. By 10:00 *in the morning, they are warm for sunning and act as landmarks among the expanse of pines. They are also excellent lookout points and sun decks for the active nudist who enjoys his nature raw.*

For nudist hiking, Hemet's rich wonderland can't be beat. Light, low-topped tennis shoes are recommended, and you might carry shorts in a small back pack, in case you run into non-nudist hikers. If you start fairly early in the morning you'll be up where you can see scenery that will break your eyes from atop a rock, by the time the sun's fairly high in the sky. It's a breathtaking view from any of Hemet's high plateaus, and is enough to make a man glad he's alive and free from the taboos of civilization.

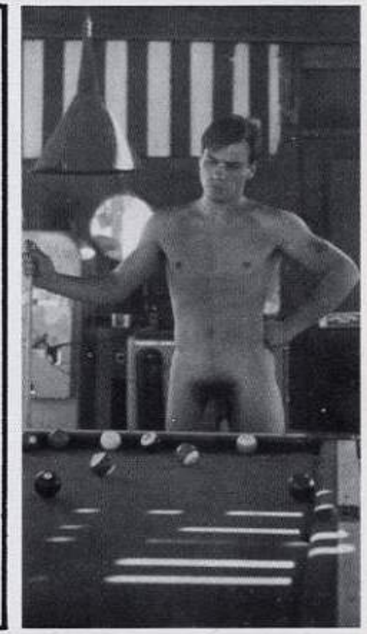
Visitors to the Hemet area are impressed by its grandeur and bold vistas. It is literally like a high island in the sun, surrounded by a sea of vast depth, a sea of green trees as far as the telescope can see. From a handful of hikers looking for new trails into nature's solitude, the word has spread, until now, the handful of explorers has grown into the dozens.

There are other reasons for Hemet's popularity among naturists and outdoorsmen besides its rugged beauty. The air is clear and healthy in this region. It is difficult to return to the smog-laden environs of the city after a day or so in this climate. This huge park has been made convenient for its visitors too. There are numerous camp sites and showers. There is nothing so in-



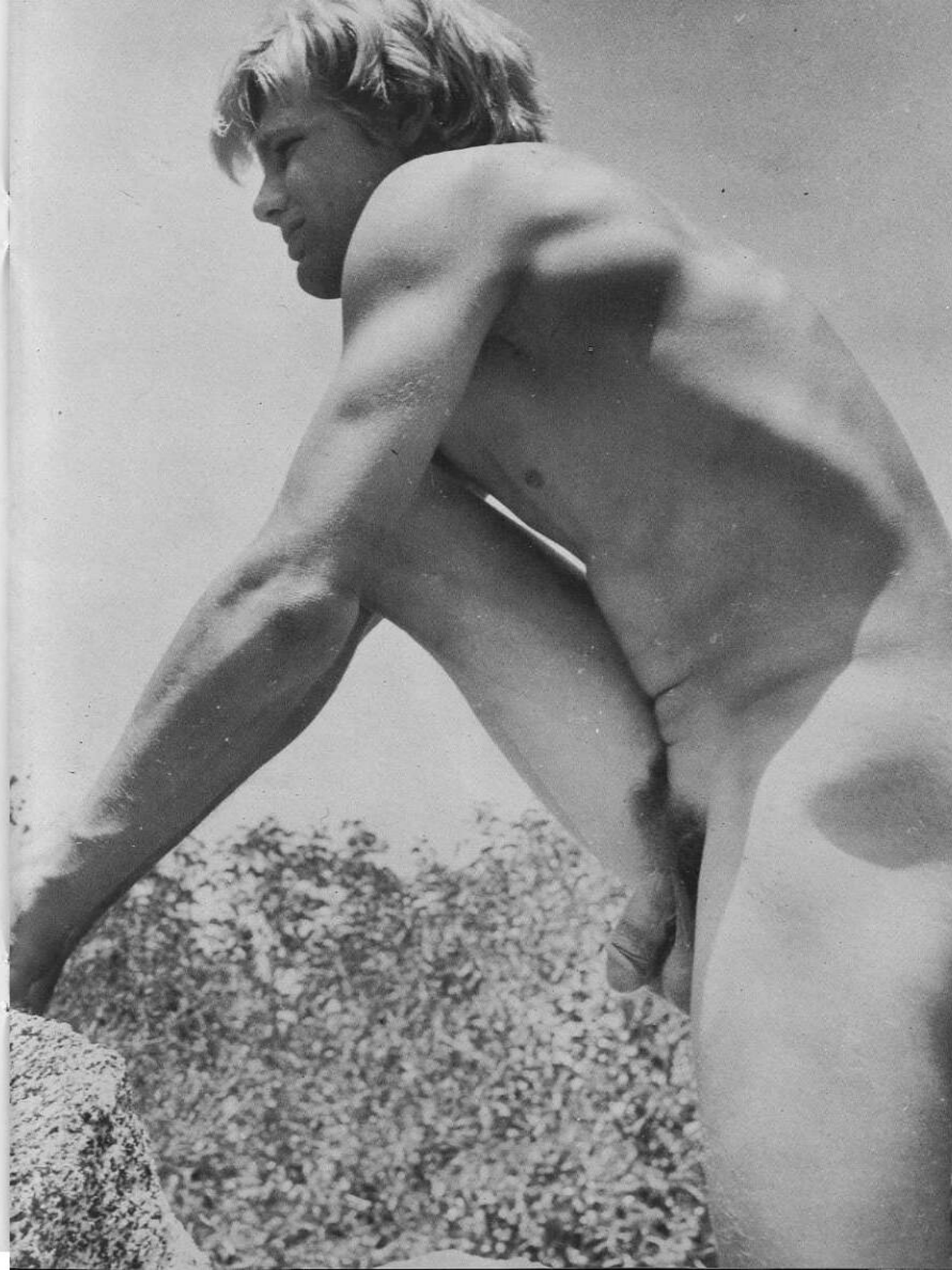
vigorating as a cold shower in this air! The area is kept clean and visitors are given a lot of credit for not being litterbugs. Nothing spoils a natural setting quicker than a messy appearance. You have to be impressed with the absence of empty beer cans, napkins and solid paper plates.

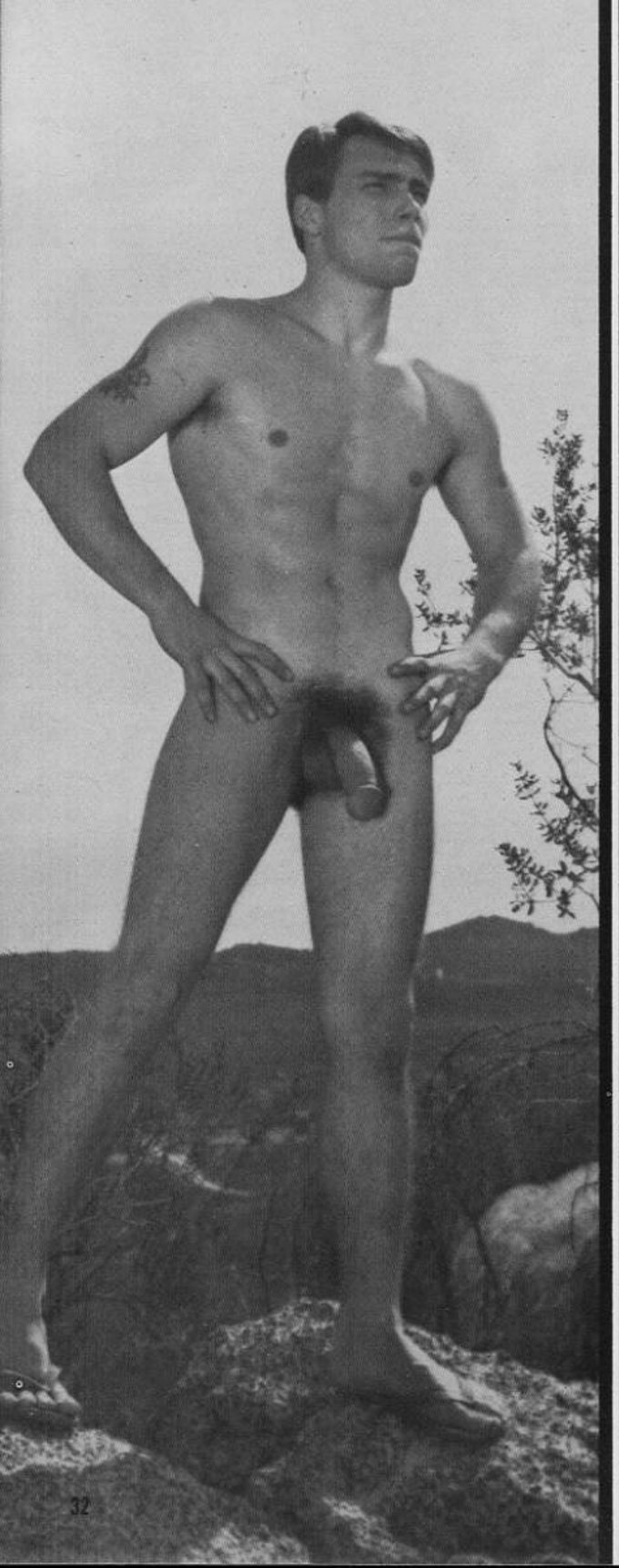
Hemet may well be to some, the discovery of a lifetime. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who knew about such things, wrotes "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." The feeling at Hemet's summits is much the same. Those who come to drink the health of nature here, go away having drunk their own health instead. It is here, atop a boulder in the sun, away from all the muezzins of cars on the freeway, that the truth of another observation of Emerson's becomes total and clear. "Nature paints the best part of a picture, carves the best part of the statue, builds the best part of the house, and speaks the best part of the oration."

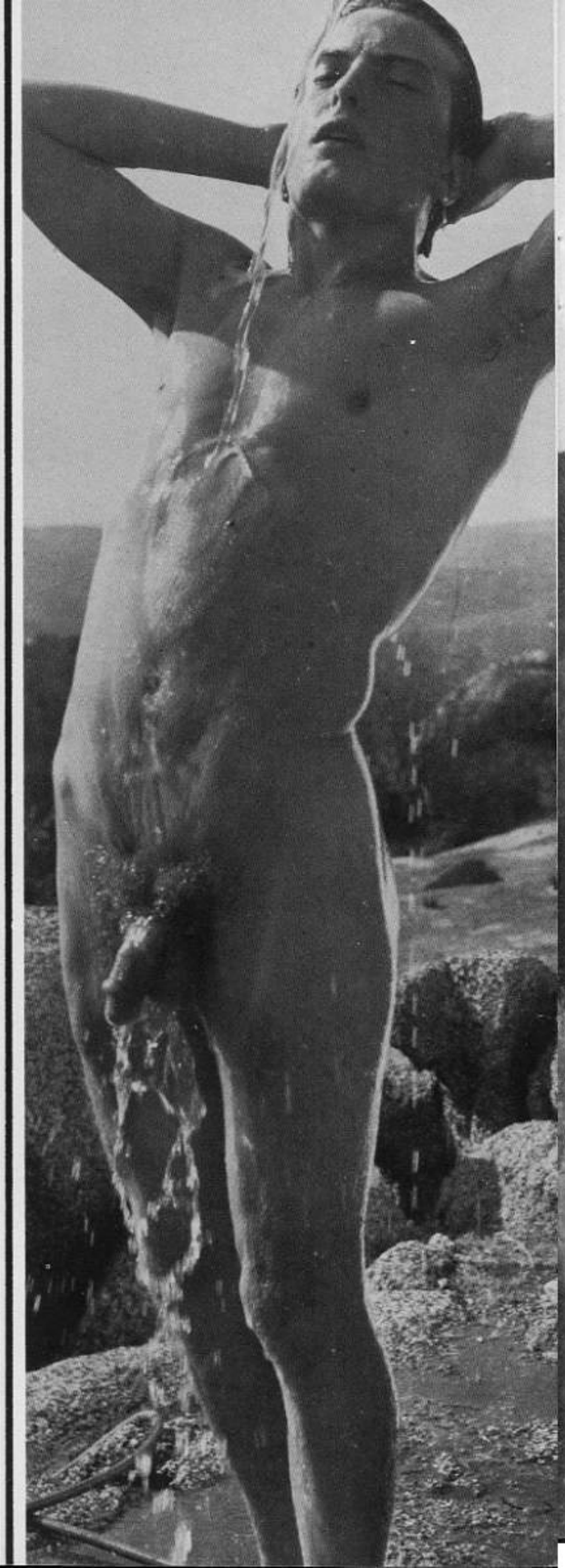


Hemet is it's own Chamber of Commerce. Those who have reveled in its crisp air on a fine Saturday morning or earned a manly tan through basking in its gardens of sunshine, are all the testimony this paradise needs. Food does not taste so well, nor a book have more meaning, than here, away from the things nature-lovers have to get away from. One can only be grateful that there are still such spots left on earth.

Nudists who have come to Hemet have been the Ponce de Leons who have actually discovered the fountain of youth. If you are not already young, a moment or two in this world above the world, will make you young. A drink of this garden's nectar is enough to make you heady with youth, your step spring with new-found energy, and your whole body tingle with rejuvenated sinews, bone and muscle. There is no describing this over-all feeling of vitality. You have to experience it yourself. Hemetites know it, and a pity that Ponce de Leon had to wander around the swamplands of Florida. He was on the wrong side of this country.







There is an almost prehistoric feeling of changelessness in Hemet. It is not difficult to imagine giant Saurians sunning themselves on the rocks, the roar of a saber-toothe tiger in the distance and huge pterodactyls wheeling in the sky, sometime millions of years before now. Today, there is a sleepy peacefulness about this sky-high paradise, as though nature had withdrawn its behemoths quietly, so that silence could prevail. The only giant here is Nature itself, and it is a benevolent Gulliver, nakedly resting on the green floor of the earth.

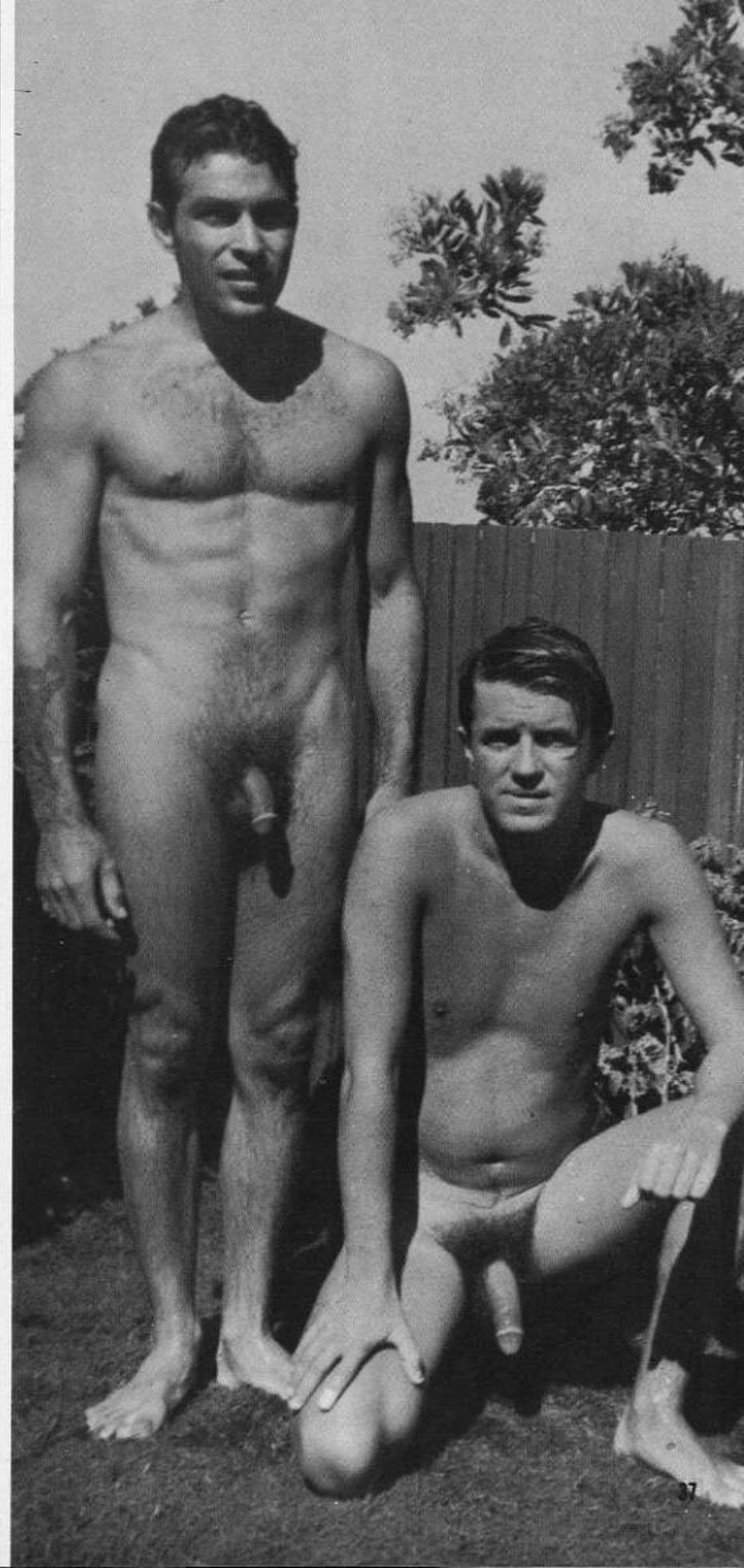
This is a place for the young in heart, then. A place for the naturist who doesn't mean to stand still nor miss the good things in life. A man can come here and be a ruler for as long as he can stay. It is not a place for the softy, the dullard nor the guy who can't go around the block without taking his convertible. It is for the man with life in him, surging life that needs a place like Hemet for freer expression. You can come to Hemet's lofty paradise a pauper and leave a lord.

At the present time, there are not many numbers of nudists who have known about this Eden or taken advantage of it. But already there are hiking parties being organized among young fellows who have discovered the joys of nude activities. As a true and natural place, where sunshine and fresh air are the orders of the day, Hemet is destined to become the largest nudist park in the world!

BACK YARD NUDISTS

There is a growing number of nudists who have all but given up fighting the distance, the traffic and one thing and another to enjoy nudism at the parks. These are those fortunates who bare themselves to the sun in the backyard. It's a very satisfying way to keep an all-year tan and save on the old expense account.

Not everyone can enjoy this luxurious form of sunbathing. Besides some areas where local laws make it taboo, there are the neighbors, those ever-watchful people who seem to know more about John Doe than John Doe does. Ah, but what about the lucky Mr. Doe who has privacy and freedom to do as he wishes at home? He can be found enjoying life in the nude,



so long as he doesn't bother anyone else. He's the man who has a high fence, perhaps a pool, and plenty of yard to unkink in. stretch out and feel the hot sun beating a golden melody of health on his body in the fresh air!

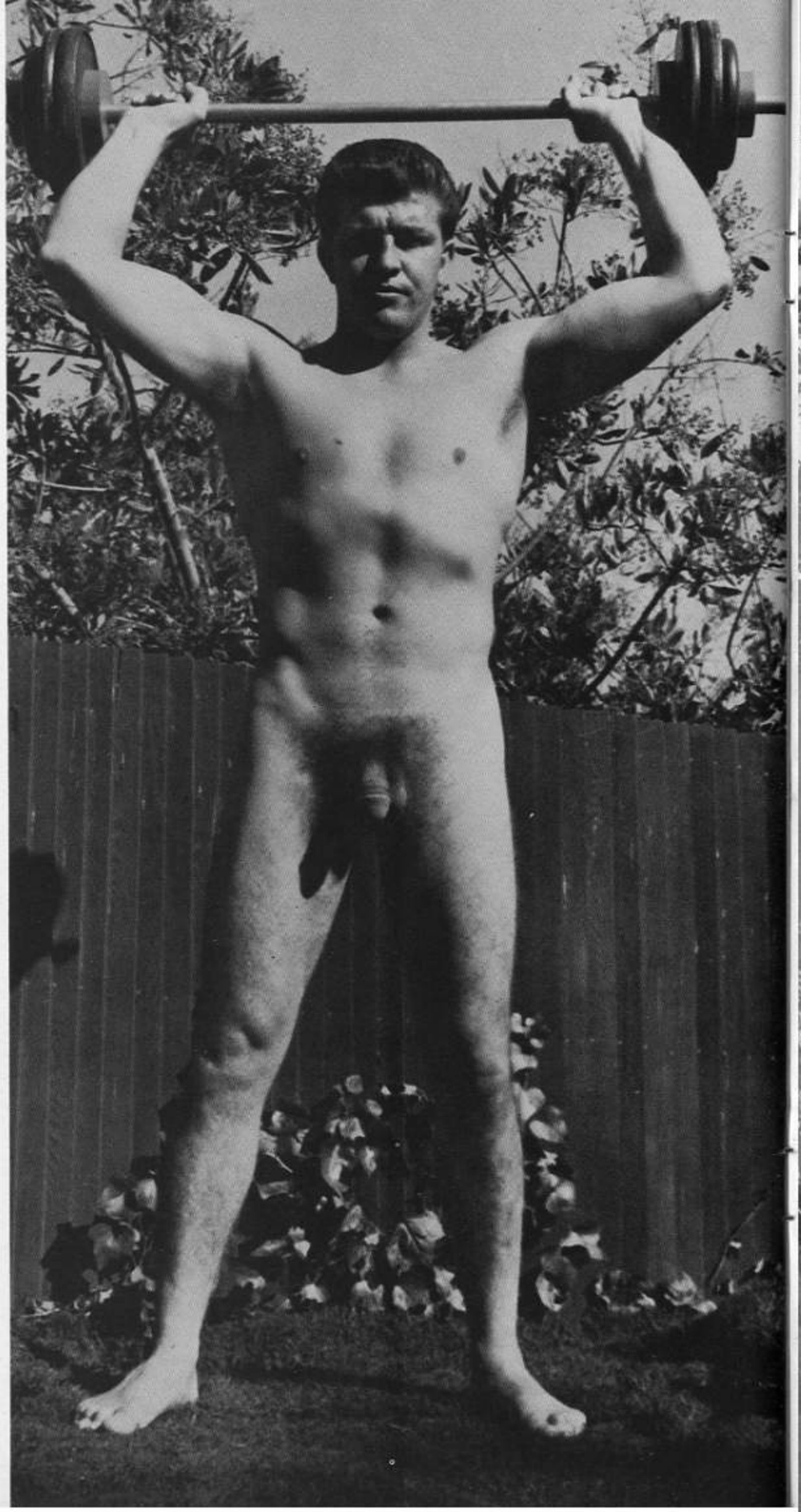
All that a nudist needs are sun, light and fresh air.

All a backyard bare needs is one added factor—privacy from prying eyes.

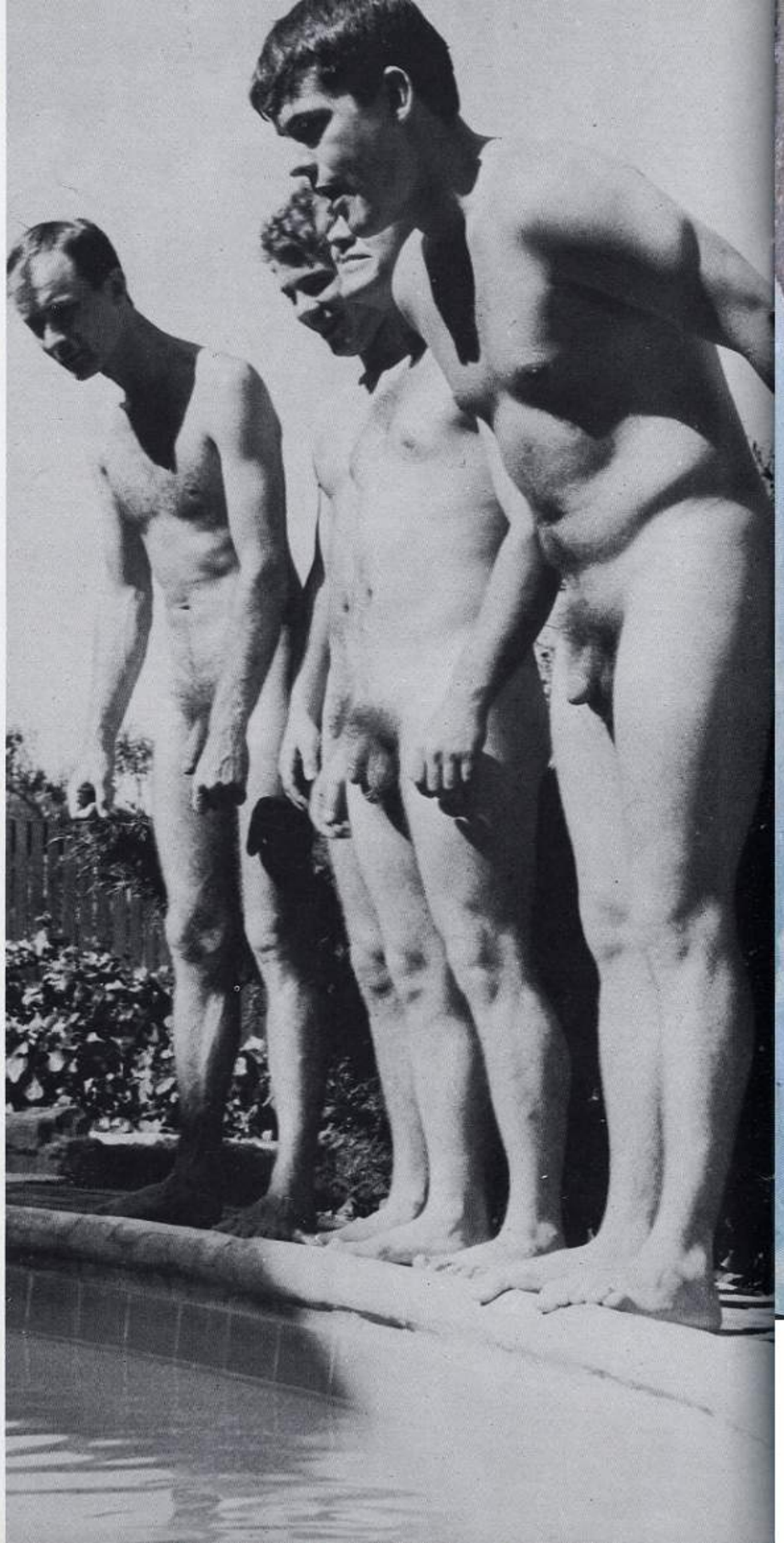
In this tension-wracked, high-blood-pressure, fast-moving world, a man needs relaxation, a time when he can just be himself without worrying over bills, deadlines or the boss's temper. Come Saturday or Sunday, you'll find the intelligent nudist man gaining peace of mind, along with a radiant tan right in his own back yard.

As one young chap put it, an IBM executive in a large metropolis: "I've tried the gym, going to the beach and hypnosis records, but nothing unwinds me like grabbing a towel and flaking out on my patio, naked.

I feel alive and whole. And after a while in the sun, on both sides, I feel like a new man! It's this kind of general attitude that is spreading around



the country.
"Some people are nudists and don't even know it," was the way another fellow put it. "Where I live, all the backyards have high fences, and most of the places have pools. I know that there are a lot of people there sunbathing in the raw, though I've never seen them. It's just to good to pass up."
At the office, a lot of these guys get the envious stares—they have the rich tans throughout the colder months, the bronze healthy look in the summer.
There are some rules that nudists have passed along that might be helpful if you're considering taking advantage of your own suntanning area. First, be sure that your neighbors are not able to invade your privacy—it saves them from embarrassment! Secondly, don't stay too long in the sun. All nudists know that too much of a good thing is bad—including sunshine. Those are ultra-violet rays, man!
And they can burn if you're not used to it. Three. and finally, don't let the luxury of backyard buffing make you a recluse!



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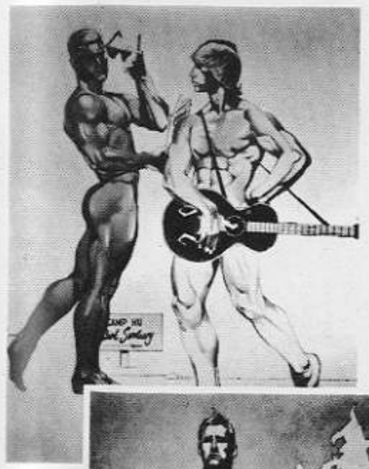

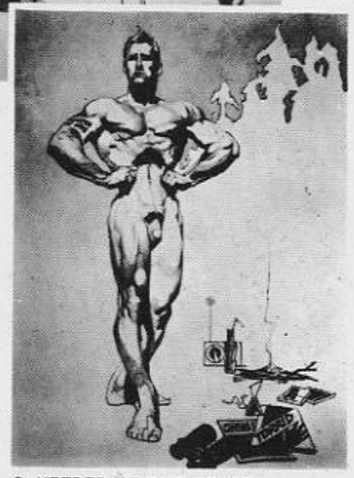

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